

And then, as the line grows longer,  
So many tapers, though small,  
May kindle a brighter shining  
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,  
And infant lips can pray;  
Employ then the little fingers—  
Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,  
And darkness the sooner shall flee;  
Many "little ones" learn of the Saviour,  
Both here and "far over the sea."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1902.

### HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL. —AN INDIAN LEGEND.

An old fox saw an Indian with a sled load of fish. The fox wanted a fish, but he was afraid of the man. How could he get a fish without letting the Indian know? At last he thought of a plan. He laid himself down by the sled road, and made the Indian believe that he was dead.

The Indian wanted the fox's skin, but did not have time to take it. He threw the old fox on the sled with the fish, and pulled the big load toward his wigwam. While the Indian was hard at work pulling, the old fox pushed off two or three good fish and rolled off himself. In a minute he was out of sight with the fish.

The fox met a wolf, who asked him: "Where did you get the fish?"

The fox did not like the wolf, but told him the trick that he played on the Indian. "It is easy; go and do it," said the fox.

The stupid wolf ran away, and, after seeing the Indian, lay down and waited, as the fox had told him. The Indian

found him, but he was not to be fooled twice by the same trick. He pounded the old wolf with the stout stick that he used for a cane. The wolf jumped up very sore, and ran away to find the fox. He did not find him.

A bear saw the fox eating the fish while the wolf was gone. "Where did your fish come from?" asked the bear.

"Follow that road down to the river, and you will find a fishing place. Put that long, bushy tail of yours into the water; wait until the fish bite it, and then snatch them out."

The bear ran down to the river and did just as the fox had told him, but the fishing place froze over while the bear waited for the fish to bite. The bear did not know this, for his back was turned to the water. It was a very cold day, and the bear thought that he would walk and get warm. He tried to get up, and his tail broke off short in the ice. The bear ran so fast that he found the fox, and he wanted to fight him. "I have done nothing," said the fox. "It is all because you are so slow."

The bear never had a long tail after that time. The fox never lost his fine one.—*Kaanerwah, Iroquois Chief, in "Wigwam Stories," by M. C. Judd.*

### THE CROSS SCISSORS.

"Why must we always be kept together, fastened up tight with that tiresome screw?" so cried one of the two sides of a pair of scissors. "How much more work we could do apart! Each of us has a sharp point, each has a round ring at the end to hold a finger or thumb, and each has an edge for cutting. We don't care to keep together; we don't choose to keep together. If we can't get rid of that screw, we'll be as wide apart as we can."

So the points of the scissors were stuck out on each side as wide as they could go, and so were the two round rings, till they looked as cross as could be. But the silly pair of scissors soon found out what a great mistake had been made. Some silk was placed between the two points, which it was their duty to divide; but it was clear that no cutting could be done while they remained apart.

"After all, I can't get on without you," said the right side to the left.

"Let us kiss and be friends," said the left to the right.

So the two rings touched, and the two lips kissed, and the silk was divided with ease.

Brothers and sisters who do not love or help one another, who like to keep as much apart as you can, both in your work and your play, remember the story of the scissors. Be glad of the tie that binds you; join hands, join hearts, so that your work will be done more quickly.—*Selected.*

Patience is the key of joy.



GOATS ON THE MOUNTAINS

### GOATS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Touring among the Alps one gets so many charming views of Swiss pastoral life. Here and there dotting the landscape are the summer chalets filled with quaintly dressed women and children. Further away are the goats grazing in small groups on the hillside or climbing dizzy heights with their sure-footed ease and dexterity. Nothing is prettier than to hear the tinkling of their tiny bells, or to watch them as they come pouring in from every direction in the evening by themselves, and always on time. Miss Havergal, writing from Bel Alps says: In the evenings we could hardly pay attention to anything but the goats; they came trooping down the rocks, generally gamboling, and most amusing in their ways. They are most inquisitive and very tame, always came up to look at us in the most comical way, and often let us pat and play with them. There were numbers of pretty little kids too.

### ABOUT OLIVES.

When you eat olives, do you ever wonder where they grow, and how? Those that we eat come, probably, from Italy or Spain, where there are large groves of trees. These olive groves are very old; for the trees grow slowly, and do not bear fruit for many years after they are planted. Before the olives are ripe, they look like little green plums; but as they ripen they grow paler and then dark again, until, when ripe, they are almost black. In Palestine, where so many of the stories told in the Bible happened, the people care more for their olive trees than for the others. They eat and sell the fruit, and make beautiful ornaments from the wood, which is very hard and lasts a long time.—*Sunbeam.*